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Wayaniko:

OR,

The Fourth of July, 1776.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS, BY MARK ALLEN.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON. *Commander of the American army.*

JOHN LANDSDOWNE. *under the assumed name of Old Michael; disguised as a hunter.*

MARTIN LANDSDOWNE. *his brother.*

WAYANIKO. *the white indian; a runner in the employ of Washington; son of Martin Landsdowne and brother of Rose.*

REGINALD LANDSDOWNE, *his cousin, under the assumed name of Walter.*

JOHN HANCOCK,
THOMAS JEFFERSON,
JOHN ADAMS,
BEN. FRANKLIN,
ROGER SHERMAN,
PHILIP LIVINGSTONE.
} *Leaders in the Continental Congress.*

GERALD WOYNTON. *brother of Lady Marion.*

BROM. *a Negro; a countryman; an Indian Prophet: first and second citizens; first gentleman; gentlenan friends of Reginald; Citizens of Philadelphia; Officers of Washington's Staff; Officers and Soldiers of Continental army.*

LADY MARION.

ROSE LANDSDOWNE.

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Time—July, 1776.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. *Washington's camp near New York. Morning. March heard without* L. U. E. *Soldiers march on from* L. U. E.; *go through evolutions, form in order and present arms as Gen. Washington and Staff enter* L. U. E. *and come down, followed by Wayaniko.*

WASHINGTON. (C)

No word from Congress yet; this long delay is tedious,
Hard to endure, yet duty counsels patience;
Subordination to the power above us
Holds us here, when we would rather follow up
The work commenced to its completion:—
The steps we've taken are both bold and noble;
A glorious future hangs on our success,
While failure seals for us the doom of felons;
The galling chains a tyrant's will has forged,
We seek to sever, and free our country:—
While Lexington is fresh in mind, while yet
The thunder-notes of Bunker hill re-echo;
Our watchword should be onward, no pausing,
No delay; before us liberty:—
Behind us slavery, chains and death.
Another message I shall send to day,
By our swift runner Wayaniko, whom
I see, awaits my orders here.

WAYANIKO. (R. C.)

Wayaniko is ready to do the bidding of the

great chief, on whom Manitou smiles, on the war path, or to carry his message to the Great Council.

WASHINGTON.

The Great Council is now assembled at Philadelphia, our future action depends on the result of their deliberations. This message requires despatch; await its answer and return with speed. You know the way? Avoid the warriors of King George.

WAYANIKO.

Wayaniko knows the path, and he fears not the fire-weapons of King George's warriors—He will go.

WASHINGTON.

'Tis well. A faithful servant to our cause
I've found in Wayaniko. Gentlemen,
We will retire. *Exeunt.*
Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

SCENE II. *A wood on the banks of Wissahikon.*
Enter WAYANIKO R. H.

WAYANIKO.

The suns of sixteen summers have melted the snows of sixteen winters, since the bloody hatchet of the red man gleamed in the light of my pale father's wigwam, when my white mother fell by the keen knife, and my father fell bleeding by her side—still he lives; so says the great prophet of our tribe; and he will come to find his long lost son, Wayaniko, the white Indian of the forest, the follower of the great white chief, Washington; and his daughter, the little babe, that, creeping over its dead

mother's breast, played with her bloody hair, while the boy that is now Wayaniko the brave warrior, stood weeping o'er his father's mangled form. Sixteen times the leaves have fallen from the trees, and sixteen times the white snows of winter have covered them from sight, and the birds have sang, and the flowers of the forest have bloomed; yet he comes not. Wayaniko has a stout and strong arm, a sure eye, and firm nerves; he is a warrior, and the pride of his tribe; but he has a white man's heart, and thinks of the home of his infant days. He has heard the voice of Manitou, talking in his thunder among the clouds, and when his lightnings have encircled him, he has stood calm and unmoved: the big trees of the forest have been uprooted by the hurricane, and the earthquake has shaken the rocks of the mountains, yet Wayaniko trembled not: but his thoughts have been turned back to the days of his childhood; he has remembered the little blue-eyed babe creeping in its mother's blood, and his eyes have been watered with tears while his soul has thirsted for vengeance. The prophet of my people comes.

Enter INDIAN PROPHET, L. H.

PROPHET. (L. C.)

The prophet has watched the changes of the moon; he has gazed upon the stars, as he lay beside the solitary fire beneath the spreading oak at midnight, and he has seen light and darkness upon the path of Wayaniko, even as the light

of the sun, when he shines forth in all his power at noon, and after it darkness and gloom, like the darkness of the grave. I have seen in my visions him whom thou hopest for; thou shall find thy father and thy sister;—thou shall see her whom thou hast wept for, the sister of thy heart—but look! the pale-face comes, pride of thy tribe retire.

They retire R. H.

Enter MARTIN LANDSDOWNE, L. H., *with papers.*

MARTIN. C.

'Tis true; the subject of my vision's true;
Her grave contained the proofs, the dreadful proofs
Of a loved brother's treachery and crime.
It is too frightful to believe, that he,
A brother dear, so trusted and so loved,
Could join with savage men to blast my hopes
And raise his hand with villianous intent
'Gainst me and mine—to murder in the dark,
Husband and wife, and desolate their home,
Made sacred by the tender ties of love.
Yet here are proofs, aye sixteen damning proofs
That in her grave were placed by guilty hands;
One every year, as by their dates I see.
Which since that dreadful night have rolled away.
My son still lives; so read I here. Alas!
His nature changed to that of savage men;
My daughter too, my darling child is here,
An outcast midst these wilds—they must be found
To cheer my saddened heart, which else must sink
In desolation to the waiting tomb

Going L.

The Prophet and Wayaniko advance.

PROPHET (*to Wayaniko*).

'Tis he!
Thy father, Wayaniko; see him here.
The prophet of thy people speaks not lies,—
'Tis he of whom thou oft' has dreamed, of whom
I oft' have spoken.

WAYANIKO (*advancing to Martin*).

Let the pale face listen. I am Wayaniko, the White Indian of the forest, and the prophet of my people bids me speak. When Wayaniko was a boy, and had seen but six summers, the red Indians, with the dread war cry, the sharp hatchet, and keen knife, came in the stillness and darkness of the night into my white father's wigwam, led by a rough white man, and I saw my mother fall bleeding and dead beneath his knife, and my father fall senseless by her side, I stood over him in terror and dismay, while my little sister, unconscious of her loss, creeping over her dead mother's breast, played with her bloody hair. I was dragged away by the fierce white man, to the red Indians of the wood, and became a warrior, and have never seen her since but the prophet of my people says she lives, the great Manitou has shown me visions of my sister and father, and the prophet has told me you are he.

MARTIN, (*grasping the hand of Wayaniko*).

My son!

WAYANIKO.

My father:—Wayaniko is a warrior and an Indian of the wood, but he has a pale face heart and can love the father of his infant days.

MARTIN.

Thank heaven; the hour has come, that blessed hour
I oft' have prayed, have hoped for, now is here:
Thou art found.—though in the garb of savage men,
Thou hast a gentle nature left. 'Tis true
Thy sister lives, whom we this night shall find.
Come thou with me.

WAYANIKO

The prophet of my people waits for me.

PROPHET.

Go! Wayaniko, go!—follow thy white father; the Great Spirit has spoken; darkness falls upon thy sister's brow, which thy coming shall remove with blood. The Prophet's work is done—his head is whitened with the snows of many winters, and his race is run; he will go sing his death song, for the winter of his life has come. Wayaniko, we meet no more. *Exit* R. H.

WAYANIKO (*gazes after him, then speaks*)

Will my white father show Wayaniko the path?

MARTIN.

Come! *Exit* R. H.

SCENE III.—*A room in Lady Marion's mansion*

Lady Marion discovered writing.

LADY M. (*rising and advancing* C.)

'Tis done!
This paper finished has a show of foul,
And deep laid treachery in 't which with
The others, as intercepted letters
From the leaders of the rebel congress

Laid before this evening's council,
Will set them on, unwittingly, against
Their own friends, and further my dark purpose
To spread rude discord in the rebel ranks,
Crush out their hopes, blast all their plans to free
Themselves from England's government, and make
The rebel Washington a king. Yet hold!
I've one thing more to be accomplished ere
I have my scheme complete; young Landsdowne, he
Must lead this enterprise—I've seen him oft'
Of late, unknown to him, deeply disguised
In hunter's garb, roaming these wilds (*rings bell*)—I know thee,
Reginald, and thou art leagued with rebels;
But I've a deep laid plot shall make of thee
The instrument to scatter consternation
'Mongst the rebel hosts, and overthrow their
Scare-crow government.

Enter Servant, R. H.

LADY M. (*to servant*).

Show in the maid that waits without.

Exit servant R. H.

Now then to speak with Rose;
Young Reginald loves her,—I've heard they hold
Clandestine meetings, but I've resolved, and,
If my purpose fail not, I'll thwart him there,
And give her to my brother:—here she comes.

Enter Rose R. H.

ROSE.

Good morning Lady Marion, I've come
At your request.

LADY M.

(*Aside*) Now dark, dissembling nature hide my purpose,
Seal up my thoughts, make action meaningless;
While I, in tender, lamb-like guise, address
This unsuspecting girl. [*to Rose*] My dearest Rose,
Good morrow—when last we met you told me
Of a brother lost, your father spoke of—

ROSE.

'Tis true fair lady; oft' I have wept, and often
I have prayed that I might see that brother.

LADY M.

You can, if living—
There's one within my grounds who reads the stars,
A most profound astrologer, and he,
To-night, shall show to you his image:—
Aye, if on this side the eternal world,
You shall behold your brother, and the act
In which he is engaged, when you
His image see. Come hither, then, to-night,
Adieu. *Exit Rose* R. H.

LADY M., *Solus.*

She's gone, her mind impressed with full conviction
Of the truth of all I've uttered here;
But could she see the venom in my breast,
Read there the rankling hate for her, who dares
To come between me and the man I love,
She'd loathe and spurn me as the crawling snake.
But to my purpose, Gerald awaits my
Coming in the wood, I must begone.
Now for my deep, dark work; heart, nerves, be steel'd,

Nor to remorse or sickening pity yield.

Exit L. H.

END OF ACT FIRST.

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MARK ALLEN,
EDITOR OF ADVERTISER, WOBURN, MASS.